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excels it in grandeur of power, and in variety of stops and combinations.

We shall give a full review of it in a future number, and now merely allude to it, to express our admiration, and to advise all who are interested in organs, to inspect this truly beautiful and remarkable organ.

Signor Severini is again in the city, and will receive pupils for the winter. Applications for instruction, or for concert engagements, can be addressed care of G. Schirmer, 701 Broadway.

We understand that Mr. Wm. K. Bassford has completed the music to an operetta *libretto* by Mr. Arthur Matthison, and that negotiations are in progress for its production this season by a popular operatic troupe. It is also said that a large publishing house has promised to bring it out in admirable style. We have heard much of the music, and find it replete with charming thoughts, both of melody and harmony. Its separate numbers will, we are certain, command a very large sale, and its production will assuredly result in a long and successful run.

A WET DAY BEFORE PETERSBURG.

WM. H. POWELL'S NEW PICTURE.

It is probable that most historical pictures have a private history which could hardly fail of being interesting, if revealed to the public. Mr. Powell's new picture, "A Wet Day before Petersburg," has attached to it something of a story, which is replete with interest. The artist was on a visit to General Grant's headquarters, before Petersburg, when the scene which he has so skillfully thrown upon canvas presented itself to him and his friend, Mr. J. S. Cox. The elements of poetry which it presented, and its happy illustration of the cause and effect of the war then raging, struck both at once, and Mr. Cox immediately asked Mr. Powell to sketch it and paint it for him, giving him on the spot a munificent order. Some months, however, passed by, and the picture was untouched and unthought of, when the following correspondence determined Mr. Powell to attack the subject, which he has just completed in a manner worthy of his high reputation.

ON THE MU-EL.

[WRITTEN IN BUSINESS HOURS, BY A LOVER OF ART.]

Oh, Powell! do paint me that picture;
Not landscapes of night and of day,—
Not faces of soldiers or sailors
Tricked out in their gorgeous array,
Not features of historic worthies,
Nor savans, whether wise men or fools,—
Give your brush to the subject you promised,—
And paint me—the *chef d'œuvre* of—mules.

When I think how the mu-el has suffered,
On his toil, both in dry days and wet,
Over deserts as dry as Arabia,
From the rise of the sun to its set,—
Over Alps as high as the zenith,
Whether season be hot or be cool,
My soul feels burdened with anguish,
And my heart yearns after—my mule.

He has borne the hard brunt of the battle,
Waged by man against man in hot strife,
And the wearisome path of his unrest,
Is tracked by his sweet, patient life;
When the thunder of guns startled nations,
And brave men grew pallid with fear,
All the glory was given to heroes,
To the mule, was scarce given a—tear!

If, Powell, you painted in water
The hues which his varied life wears,
And you needed to "moisten your palette,"
I'd supply you with rivers of tears;
But since oil is your favorite custom,
Samaritan Artist! I pray,
Pour oil in the wounds of his spirit,
And limn his weak limbs your own way.

Let us go, again, down to Virginia,
Where the bugles and trumpets resound,
And Grant has his host in encampment;
Covering miles of that sacred old ground,
When the spring is just bursting its leafage,
With a damp, leaden sky overhead,
And never a bird trills a carol,
As if hushed by the pickets' soft tread.

Here, paint me a hero not mortal,
With his meek, loving glance to the ground,
Tethered close to a fragment of sapling,
And nothing to crop, growing round;
His spirit—though hurt by bad usage,—
Is inspired by yon banner of stars,
Which floats from the Colonel's wet marquée,
Clearly seen from our seats in the cars.

Then rival the pencil of Bonheur,
And do justice to a much abused race,
How better can you pluck more of honor
Than by painting the lowly, with grace!
His head, drooping sad and awry,
You may lift by your genius, on high,
And your heart, though heavy and sorry,
Why—transfer all your heart to his—eye!

And when you have finished the picture
With a talent so bold and sublime,
I will hang it amidst the rare trophies
Which the Artist has rescued from Time.
'Twill mark a new era in painting,
And establish, in Art, a new school,
And pilgrims will come from a distance
To gaze on your wonderful mule!

ON THE MU-EL.

[WRITTEN IN ANSWER TO YOURS, ON THE SAME,
BY A TIRED, NOT A RETIRED, ARTIST.]

Oh, Coxie! dear Coxie! your lyrical note,
Like the blast of that bugle my ear it hath smote,
From the nerves of my brain to the chords of my heart,
Causes not only one mu-el, but a thousand to start.

In the gloom of that sky, in that pitiless rain,
The form of that mu-el is transfigured again;
While I see in the tear-drops which fall from above,
An emblem of pity and infinite love,

Which the poor beast responds to, by ear,
tail, and eye,
"Thy will be done, not mine," we may hear in his sigh.
Oh, Coxie! dear Coxie! that big heart of thine,
Will bring to your memory that glorious line,
"And all but the spirit of man is divine;"

For on his rough coat are the grooves of the whip,
And a great, muddy foot leaves its print on his hip;
But why should I dwell on a theme which you feel
As the Star of the North, to which turns the steel.

In humility, then, I accept the proud mission
Of raising the lowly to a higher condition.
With paint, oil, and canvas, and dreams of that school,
I'll forthwith commence to paint you that mule!

Yours, too-ral-loo-rally,

W. H. POWELL.

To J. S. Cox,

Dec. 3d, 1866.

The picture represents a dull, level swamp before Petersburg; on the right, is the Colonel's marquée, with sentries, cannon, etc.; in the foreground, in bold relief, stands the wretched mule; near by, a strapping negro wench is footing it through the sluggish water with a bundle of clothes for the wash, on her head; in the distance is seen a melancholy group, bearing a wounded soldier on a litter, while over and all around, the leaden sky is pouring down a torrent of chill, pitiless rain. A scene of more utter desolation could hardly be imagined—water above—water below—water about and around everything, conveying a sense of cold, shivering discomfort, that makes one shudder at the contemplation.

Mr. Powell has treated the subject in a masterly manner. The mule, over-worked, turned out to feed or starve, ungroomed, hopeless and dispirited, stands, poor and shivering, the rain coursing down his lean ribs, a picture of wretchedness and misery, and a type of man's inhumanity to his dumb servants. It is finely drawn and truthfully painted, its peculiar points are strongly marked, and over all there is a sentiment of hopeless misery and patient endurance which could only spring from the heart and hand of a true artist. It is an eloquent poem in itself.

The picture of the negro woman, the type of that for which we fought, is boldly, accurately and characteristically drawn; there is a wonderful poise in the figure, and in positive action, it could hardly be excelled. The gay, flaunting colors of her dress, by their strong contrast to the prevailing tone of the picture, heightens and deepens the intended effect. The group in the distance is faintly touched in, but it tells its own story, and is a type of